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HE NEVER COULD STAND PROSPERITY.



FARM FANCIES.

THE GRASS shoots from its earthworks now,
The buds are taking leave;
The trout is scaling waterfalls
To lure and to deceive.

The slaughtered calf re-veals itself,
The shad is bony-fide;
The root-beer 's taking on an edge
That takes the country side.

The dandy lion springs up again,
The cow slips on the lea;
The cat-tails slip along the fence,
Bored feels the maple tree.

The crow-cuss greets the early morn,
The hen is very set;
The stream, a bold and fearless one,
Its Waterloo has met.

And from the pie-plant by the well
The farmer picks his pies;
While round the busy dairy bench
The golden butterflies.

Joe Cone.

AN EXPLANATION.

HIS LITTLE SON.—What is meant by "the patrons" of your road, Papa?

RAILROAD MAGNATE.—Patrons, my son, are people who use the road because they can't help it!

"THE RABBIT," says a distinguished naturalist, "is so timid that it flees in terror from sportsmen who could n't hit it if it were the size of an elephant."

Joe Cone.

The tree-toad bullies at the frog
Down in its lowland home;
The honey bee now parts its hair
With its own honey comb.

A NATURAL QUESTION.

GEORGE.—Is n't New York the "Empire State," Papa?

PAPA.—Yes.

GEORGE.—And is Mr. Platt the Emperor?

PATRIOTIC.

"There are just two things necessary to successful arbitration, and the first is that both sides have an even show."

"And the second?"

"Is that our side's show be just a shade more than even!"

EXPERIENCED.

MRS. ISOLATE (*of Lonelyville*).—I wonder if the family just moved in, next door, have ever lived in the country before?

MR. ISOLATE (*confidently*).—Certainly they have. Have n't you noticed that they have been here a week and yet are not starting a garden?

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

JIMMY.—What business would you like to go into when you're a man?

TOMMY.—I'd like to be a base-ball reporter. Just think of takin' in every game an' gettin' paid for it!

PLACED.

BERTWISTLE.—I wonder where the saying originated, "There is nothing sure but death and taxes?"

WESTERVELT.—In Brooklyn, most likely.



MR. NEWWED.—I don't take any chances on Angelica buying my neckties, now that we are married. I will buy a half-dozen of these black satin ones. She will see that I do not need any, and I will be safe for six months.



MR. NEWWED.—Look, Angelica, dearest! I have laid in a supply of neckties, and I will not need any for six months.



MRS. NEWWED (*a few days later*).—George, darling! I have a surprise for you! Your wifey has been working her finger ends off to please you. Guess what I have done. Give it up, do you? I knew you would. Look!



MRS. NEWWED.—See! Those black neckties were awfully plain and sombre, so I painted beautiful flowers on three, and embroidered the other three with roses and daisies!



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HER VIEW.

CLARA.—I don't think Grace cares very much for her husband.

JESSIE.—Why?

CLARA.—Well, he was detained at his office until eight o'clock one evening last week and it never occurred to her that he might be killed, or something!

AT THE THEATRE.

THEY TOLD the same old stories,
They sang the same old airs,
They sat in ancient costumes
On very modern chairs.

While paper snow was falling
They cooked green ears of corn,
And 'twas n't fifteen seconds
Between the night and morn.

The same old villain plotted,
The same old lover sighed,
The same relentless parent
His eager suit denied.

They wrote in twenty seconds
A letter, or a will;
They waved in air their glasses,
Yet drank them brimming, still.

The thunder lacked an echo,
The moon was pale and weak,
And when the ghost was rising
The crank sent forth a squeak.

Ah! yes, the same old people,
With nothing new to tell;
And yet, I must confess it,
Too soon the curtain fell.

Clara Junetta Denton.

PERHAPS.

THE MANAGER.—I wonder why so many society women want to go on the stage? They ought to see that the stage is overcrowded.

ASSISTANT.—Perhaps society is overcrowded, too.

ENTIRELY DIFFERENT.

JOHNNY.—When you say a thing is "obvious," does that mean that everybody understands it?

PAPA.—Not at all! It only means that everybody ought to understand it.

THE VILLAIN FOILED.

FIRST DETECTIVE.—I think I made a big hit in capturing that Boston crook. He thought his disguise was impenetrable.

SECOND DETECTIVE.—What was his disguise?

FIRST DETECTIVE.—Bad grammar and a pretended dislike for baked beans.



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PREDESTINED.

UNCLE PETE.—I done hab dat fellah hooked, but he got away.

LITTLE RUBE.—I reckon he 'll nebbah bite on a hook ag'in.

UNCLE PETE.—Course he will! Dem fish doan' hab no moah sense dan dem fool niggahs what loses dere money playin' policy.

MR. COHENSTEIN'S BUSINESS SCHEME, AND HOW IT WORKED.

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MR. COHENSTEIN.—S' hellup me gracious! You poys are dressed shoot like I tells you. Now, ven I galls Ikey inter der shop, Ikey gomes in, undt ven I galls Shakop, Shakop gomes in. See? Ve vill haf no gustomers leaf our store no more!



MR. HARDACRE.—Don't you think the suit be too small for me, and the hat too large?
MR. COHENSTEIN.—Too small? Oh, mein gracious! Vot ignorance! Dot fit is shoot der style. Vait, I galls mein sohn, Ikey. He shows you. Ikey!



MR. COHENSTEIN.—Dere you see mein sohn Ikey. He is galled der "Peau Prummel der Powery." Der best-dressed man on der street. See der fit of his glothings. Shoot like yours. You dakes der suit? Good! You gan makes no mistakes by copying der styles from mein sohn, Ikey.

A SERIOUS AFFRONT.

HAT DO you suppose was the trouble over at the Court-house, just now?" asked the tourist from New England, who had just returned from strolling about through the Oklahoma settlement of Rocket City. "I was sauntering by the building, when suddenly some men, to the number of ten or a dozen, began jumping and tumbling out of the windows and running away at the top of their speed. Two of them, both large men, tried to get out of the same window at once, stuck fast for a moment, and then fell out in a heap, one on top of the other. The topmost man jumped up and fled as fast as his legs would carry him, but the other seemed to have had his back hurt in the fall, for he dragged himself behind a near-by rick of cordwood and hid there. And then—" "Court House was n't afire, was it?" interrupted the landlord of the Imperial Hotel, of which establishment the tourist was a guest.

"Oh, no! Just then another man appeared at one of the windows with a big revolver in each hand, and roared that if they were so—er—er—profanely qualified—keen to find out, it looked to him as if they should have waited for information. They couldn't—by Tophet! and other expressions equally as lurid—expect him to run them down in order to have a chance to impart it to them. It seemed to me to be a very peculiar piece of procedure, but I did not stop to make any inquiries—I thought I would n't, you know."

"What sorter lookin' man was the gent with the guns?" asked the landlord.

"A very large, grizzly, savage-looking fellow, with a big scar on his face, and—"

"Oh, yes! That was old Whoop Sladdock! The rest of them gents was the Grand Jury, I reckon. I heard suthin' yesterday about their goin' to have old Whoop up before 'em to-day. I reckon likely they asked him in a general way if he knew anything about any hoss-stealin' goin' on, an' prob'ly he figgered that they was hittin' at him, an' took it as a personal insult. Whoop alwers was powerful touchy about his own private affairs."



A PROUD DISTINCTION.

CHOLLY.—I cawn wead Fwench, doncherno; but I cawn't speak it so that any one cawn understand me.

CHAUNCEY.—Why is that?

CHOLLY.—I've been told it's on account of me English accent, doncherno!



MR. MEDDERS (the next customer).—This suit here is too darned big for me! This hat is too small, too!

MR. COHENSTEIN.—Oh, mein fadders! Dese country beoples vat knows noddings apout der new English styles. Vait till I gall mein sohn; he vill show you. Shakop! Shakop!



MR. COHENSTEIN.—Too large, you says? Shoot vatch mein sohn, Shakop. Dey make der fashion-plates from dot moy. He veers only der latest styles. You dakes der suit? Good! You shows goodt schudgement, mein frendt, in following dot most stylish moy in der town.

Tom P. Morgan.

A CONJECTURE.

SUBURBANITE.—It is n't dull here in Winter. We have plenty of occupation.

CITY CYNIC.—I suppose you spend your time hoping there won't be a blizzard?



WOULD N'T WORK.

WAYBACK.—Wat's thet yew hev tied tew yore leg, Mister Hayback?

HAYBACK.—Thet's my son's bisickleometer. Jest wanted tew see how many miles I'd walk plowin' this field; an' th' dinged thing's a fraud, fer she ain't moved a peg yit.

A TRIUMPHANT PROPHET.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—There's my tax bill—fifteen dollars higher than last year.

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Well, you always said that if those other fellows got control of the town, they'd rob the taxpayers.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—Of course I did!

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Well, you can easily get fifteen dollars' worth of crowing out of the situation.

IF THE pessimist thinks it useless to saw wood he might at least say nothing.

YOU CAN'T play truant from the school of experience.



BEFORE SHE THOUGHT.

HEAVYFOOT.—I enjoy waltzing awfully!

MISS BENTHAIR.—Y-You m-mus-t!

THE REQUISITE TURN.

"You are, I believe," said the enterprising manager, "the lady who has just been divorced in a manner that has engaged the attention of the press, and, therefore, the public, of two continents?"

"True."

"Very well. I come to offer you any salary you may choose to name to appear at my music hall."

"But, my dear sir, — I neither sing, nor dance, nor play an instrument. I am sorry, but I fear there is nothing that I can do."

"Madam," said the manager, blandly, "I hate to contradict you, but there is always one thing you can do, — and it is the only thing necessary."

"And that is?"

"The public."

THE USUAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The sweet girl graduate in her golden hair,
Who at the Pierian spring 's been drinking some,
Will now appear and earnestly declare:
"The Past is gone — the Future is to come!"



SOWING DISSENSION.

MISS MATILDA.—Dat Mis' Walkfoot nex' do' am spreadin' m'lithus rephots 'bout you.

MISS ARABELLA.—What rephots?

MISS MATILDA.—She done insinuated dat yo' complexion am not giniwine.

THE HOT ONE.

JAY GREEN (*with dignity*).—I ain't a-goin' to call on Widow Grimm's daughter any more unless the old lady acts different from the way she done the last time I went there!

JOSH MEDDERS.—How was that? Did she git hot about it?

JAY GREEN.—No; but I did! She flung a dipper o' scaldin' water on me as soon as she saw who it was that was at the door!

PHILOSOPHICAL.

"The fifth wheel to a wagon is useless — just now; but when I get that puncture repaired it will be as good as ever," remarked Byker, as he deposited his bike in the farmer's one-horse conveyance and then climbed in himself.

ADVICES FROM Delaware indicate that the peach crop, as usual, will go into the hands of receivers.



CREATING A LONG-FELT WANT.

EASTERN TOURIST (*in Frozen Dog*).—I understand there have been four murders, two lynchings, six stabbing affrays, three marriages, and ten suicides here, lately. To what do you ascribe this sudden outbreak of vivaciousness?

BRONCO PETE.—Well, I'll tell yer, pardner—de boys is tryin' ter show dat dere 's a long-felt want here fer a high-class, clean, progressive, up-to-date family newspaper, an' we're tryin' ter induce de proprietor uv de *Bazooville Banner* ter shake Bazooville an' locate here.

OBSERVATIONS BY LITTLE HORACE.

T AIN'T so much fun collecting postage-stamps any more since our teacher said we learnt geography that way.

I would n't mind so much about my face gettin' red if some girl did n't always call out that I was blusheen'.

It's funny how most things a feller does don't seem wrong till somebody catches him at it.

I don't like cookies much at the table; but, I tell you, they taste good when you hook 'em out of the pantry!

I'd a good deal rather have Pa lick me than Ma. Ma she don't hurt me much when she whips me, but she cries so; an' that always makes me feel kinder funny down in my stomach.

Pa won't get me no bicycle, but I don't care so much now, 'cause two kids what's got 'em has just moved here, an' I can lick both of 'em.

A feller don't have no better times than he does thinkin' about the good times he's goin' to have.

Little boys don't know much, do they? Eddie Brown came over to my house to dinner one day, an' Pa said a blessin'. An' when we got through eatin' Eddie asked me why Pa said his prayers at the table, an' why he did n't wait till he went to bed, like other people. Eddie's folks ain't stylish, like ours, so I had to tell him that we always did that way so 's the soup would have time to cool off some.

I wonder why when a girl has a new doll an' shows it to some other girls, that first thing they do is to look at its under-clothes to see if they got lace on 'em? I would n't dast.

I don't like funerals much. I had one with our cat, but you could n't make all of her stay buried to onct. She'd come out at her back feet while you was tryin' to get her head covered up. I tried to get her just to play dead, but cats hain't got no imaginashun, an' they has got claws. A feller don't want to try to make believe too much with cats.

William Edgar Fisher.

THERE ARE not quite as good fish in the sea as some people say they have caught.

IT IS sad to reflect that an overwhelming majority of the people who know how to run a newspaper are not in that line of business all.

WAS WILLING TO HELP.

BATTERTON BANGED.—No, Mum, it's agi'n' me princypuls t' chop 'nuff wood fer ye t' cook me brekfuss wid, but ef you've a mind ter cook it on dat gas-stove, I'll break de iron-clad rules 'f de associashun I b'longs to, an' turn on de gas.

THE SAMPLE RUSH.

"How did the manager get all those women out of that burning building so quickly?"

"He went on the stage and announced that a man down at the entrance was giving away samples of baking-powder."

A SAD CASE.

FRIEND.—Did n't your millionaire uncle leave you anything?

JACK ROUNDER.—Only five hundred dollars; — hardly enough to drown my disappointment.



A SPECIFIC CHARGE.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—Jenkins, the real estate man? I thought he was thoroughly honest and straightforward! Do you know anything against him?

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—He sold me the house I live in!

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

"Here, my little fellow," said a benevolent old gentleman to a weeping boy; "I would n't cry that way if I were you."

"How did you cry when you were a little boy?" asked the weeper, during a temporary cessation of tears.



THE BOY FOR THE POSITION.

MR. ISAACSTEIN.—So, you abby for der position of poy in mein shotre. Vy did you leaf your last place?

APPLICANT.—Why, I smoked cigarettes all around de store an' t'rew de stumps in de waste-paper basket.

MR. ISAACSTEIN.—Mein sohn, you shall haf dqr schob. Vill you come for fife tollars a weeks?



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PLATT IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING. — "THE REAL issue to-day, whether in New York or elsewhere, is not the 'best citizen's' notion of how to administer municipal affairs. It is the issue which twenty years of socialistic agitation has gradually pushed to the front, the issue on which a great political party has at last been captured, and which now, sustained by a party organization, menaces law and order and the rights of property and the opportunities of labor throughout the United States." — *T. C. Platt, in daily papers.*

Nonsense! Mr. Platt is trying to do this year's business on last year's scare. The real issue in New York City to-day is just the same as it always has been, and all of Mr. Platt's snug pretension can not disguise the fact that he knows it even better than we do. Only this year there is more plunder to be had than ever before. With \$75,000,000 of patronage in sight, Mr. Platt's mouth waters in spite of himself, and he can hardly restrain himself to talk ominously of "the red flag of disorder and confiscation." Even so mischievous an opponent of good government as the New York *Sun* keeps its face straight with difficulty when it avers that the present campaign means "the preservation of the existing social order and of civilization: of property, law, and national honor and integrity." What dear old phrases they are! but how false they ring when there is no call for them, and how awkward they stand when they are called up to show that one gang of pap-hunters is holier than another! Mr. Platt and his partisans seem to have been thrown into a panic by the very general support that is being given to the Citizens' Union movement. And he and they will unearth any dead and buried scare that promises to aid them. But those who have learned the ways of Tammany and the ways of Platt know that nothing so vital as a principle of any sort, whether of confiscation, socialism, anarchy or free silver, will ever interfere in the least degree with their scramble for offices. They know it is to be the same old issue, and they will probably elect the best candidate, regardless of the party that puts him up.

BISHOP POTTER ON MACHINERY.

THE MAN that gets on his feet in this day and declares that machinery is a social evil is pretty apt to be a fool or a demagogue. It is an antiquated fallacy seldom advanced even by the most radical and vicious labor agitator. We hesitate to apply either of these epithets to so reputable man as Bishop Potter; and yet, addressing a body of workingmen lately, he asserted that machinery is a monster whose onslaughts the laboring man should meet by strikes. "It is," he said, "doing away with intelligence in labor. It is turning the laboring man into an idiot." Doubtless it would be unfair on this evidence to say that Bishop Potter is wholly a fool or wholly a demagogue, but the case is serious and the evidence is weighty, and the most charitable verdict we can reach is that he is just a little bit of each. When he says that machinery is doing away with intelligence in labor and is turning the workingman into an idiot, he betrays foolish ignorance; and when he says: "Employers are constantly on the lookout for new inventions which will save money and throw out of work as many men as possible," intimating that such employers are actuated by malice toward their employees, he descends to demagogic that is worthy of a walking delegate. Most churchmen believe that workingmen are ignorant and must be pandered to in this strain. They are wrong. In individual cases there will probably always be opposition to labor-saving devices. In one generation it is against the locomotive; in the next against the type-setting machine. But workingmen as a class recognize that machinery has brought to them ten thousand articles and commodities that otherwise would still be unattainable luxuries. They know quite as well as Bishop Potter knows that to rail against machinery is to rail against all progress and to argue for the return to savagery. We would suggest to Bishop Potter that one foe to labor whom he neglected to mention in his address is the pampered epicurean who delights to pose as a man of condescension, and who delivers himself of trashy counsel under the delusion that he must "talk down" to his audience.

"RESPECT FOR THE LAW."

RESPECT FOR the law is a necessary thing in a republic. But there is a superstition unfortunately prevalent that a law deserves respect because it is a law. The truth is that a bad law does not deserve respect, nor can the people be made to respect it. And for this reason a bad law is doubly harmful: it not only works its own share of harm, but it tends to bring disrespect upon all laws. When a committee from Albany investigated the workings of the Raines Law some months ago a witness testified that the law had been neither respected nor generally observed; that even the authorities had neglected to enforce it. "Then," said the keen-minded Raines, with exceeding shrewdness, "the fault is not with the law but with the people." And with this inspiration the committee went home and made the law a little less worthy of respect than ever. And now the harm of it is not so much that it is constantly evaded, as it was really meant to be by our hypocritical law-makers, but that the people, seeing one law that is wholly bad and which is made a mock of even by magistrates, unconsciously imbibe a certain contempt for all laws. Better no law at all than one which breeds a contempt for all others; for that is the way republics fall.



AN EXAMPLE.

PAPA.—"Superhuman"—means more than human; — that is — u'm — a — more than human.

GEORGE.—I don't quite understand, Papa.

PAPA.—Well, for instance, suppose that President McKinley heard that there was an epidemic of gripe among the office-seekers and that they could n't come to see him; — if he felt sorry, he 'd be more than human.

APPREHENSION.

"I don't know about these air ships," — He objected with a frown; — "They will make it quite too easy For our kin to come to town."

NOT SO BAD AS ALL THAT.

VISITOR (in insane asylum).—What is the nature of that poor fellow's hallucination?

KEEPER.—He thinks that he invented the various terms used by golf players.

"Of course it is n't true?"

"Oh, no! He is merely a lunatic, not an idiot!"

MORE ACCURATE.

"I believe Speaker Reed has failed to appoint the House Committees —"

"You mean that he has succeeded in not appointing them."

IT IS very doubtful, just now, if the King of Greece could carry his own county, his own ward, or even his own election district.



ALL IN THE TEACHING.

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THE RECTOR.—This is my new parrot. I have had him a week.

THE PARROT.—D! D! — x — v — D — D — D!

THE RECTOR.—Oh! is n't that shocking? The man who sold him to me said he could n't swear.

FAIR PARISHIONER (pleasantly).—Could n't swear? Why, you can teach them to say anything, if you only go about it right!



Sunday pedestrian outings show a sad tendency to continue popular.



HIS MAJESTY (*to SABBATARIAN FANATIC*).—I object to this Sunday-outing business, too—it seems to make people better, instead of worse.



Sunday fishing is luring a greater number than ever to moral destruction.

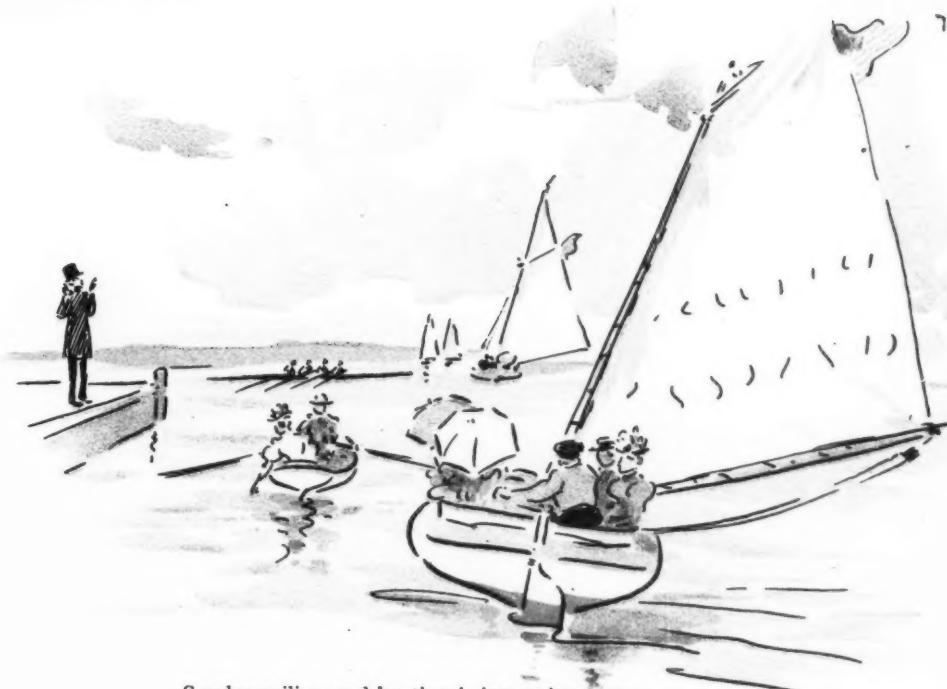


And as for the growth of Sunday B. things too awful for words.

UCK.



o this Sunday-outing
worse.



Sunday sailing and boating is increasing to an
alarming extent.



Sunday swimming grows yearly more and more
shockingly prevalent.



growth of Sunday Bicycling — well, there are some
words.

J. Ottmann Lith Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

FANATIC — THEY GET GREATER EVERY YEAR.

THE GREAT MERCHANT'S DREAM.



HE GREAT merchant sat in the soft glow of his study lamp reading the tenth extra edition of the *Evening Cyclone*, a modern journal of heavy captions and variegated internals. It is but just to say that the children had gone to bed, so the great merchant read with that infinite delight known to the boy who climbs to the hay-loft for a half hour's blissful companionship with Dick Barter's "Vow on His Mother's Grave." The great merchant puffed and read contentedly. The smoke from his cigar might have been from burning bills, so great was his wealth. His eye followed the sentences telegraphed all the way from Gritzovali, on the Grecian frontier: "As I stand in the mellow light in this quaint old place, my gaze rests on Milouna, whose rocky sides rise heavenward, carrying above a prayer for Grecian honor, and in the bright rays of the brilliant sun I see the shimmering

of bayonets, sharpened for the battle that is imminent, to be moistened by the blood of heros in the conflict that is impending. There is a probable doubt that I will march with the Grecian army after the sun is a few hours higher."

"Fine, fine," mused the great merchant. "I can almost see them getting ready. This journalistic enterprise is wonderful—wonderful! We have all the world laid at our feet for the small price of a penny."

The great merchant sat musing on how much it had cost to have the sun rise over Gritzovali and reflect on Milouna and then get the fact to America on so short order, and a hundred other things, all of which caused him to nod, to drop his paper, close his eyes and stop thinking with the thought.

The great merchant never took his eyes from the paper. He read on and on, breathlessly and feverishly.

"Marvelous enterprise!" he thought as he observed: "Tad Jones was arrested on the Bowery last night by one of the *Cyclone's* special officers. He was taken before Judge Waxxem, special police judge for the *Cyclone*. He was given ten days and sent to the *Cyclone's* workhouse on the island." Again the great merchant read: "Mrs. Mizery has applied to the judicial department of the *Cyclone* for a divorce. After hearing the evidence it was granted." Again the great merchant read: "Hon. William Fiddledout died at his home yesterday, after having the best medical service the *Cyclone* could procure. His body was taken in charge by the *Cyclone's* gentlemanly and exclusive corps of undertakers, who will conduct the funeral this afternoon." And again: "Miss Ghurl and Mr. Mann were married last night at the *Cyclone's* Wakemup church, by Rev. Josiah Solum Wheep, ordained by the *Cyclone* and of its exclusive corps." Among the announcements the great merchant saw that Summer undergarments could be had at the *Cyclone's* department store, the sale to be exclusive. The great merchant startled inwardly when he observed that the Special Scoop Squadron of the *Cyclone* had exclusively taken London and Liverpool and stamped the very life out of John Bull in his own barn lot.

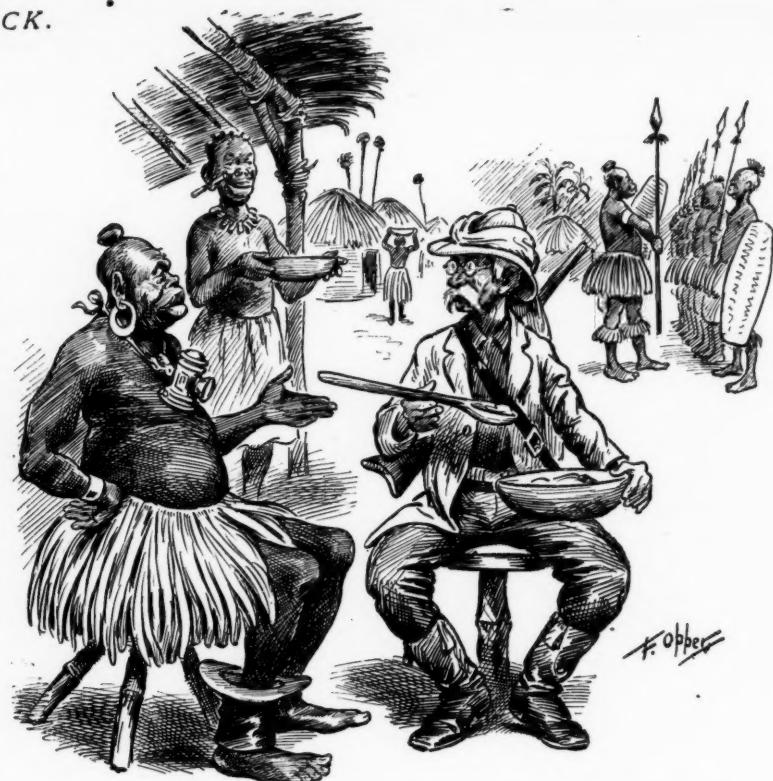
"This modern day enterprise is immense," thought the great merchant,

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A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

FIRST MERCHANT.—Say, Byers, you always have such a pretty typewriter. Do you select her for her beauty?

SECOND MERCHANT.—Yes, indeed!—it pays. You see, before I got onto the scheme my three clerks would stay away on the least provocation. Now, they have fallen dead in love with her and not one of them stays away if he can possibly help it, for fear the others will get ahead of him.



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THE CASUS BELLI.

AFRICAN CHIEF.—We are at war just now with a neighboring tribe.

EXPLORER.—What was the cause of it?

AFRICAN CHIEF.—We got into a dispute as to which was the aggressor.

enthusiastically. "What would we have said back in the sixties if—"

There came a rattle and a ringing that brought the great merchant to his feet.

"I'll declare!" he exclaimed; "I've been dreaming. There's some one at the door, who, confound him, has disturbed me!"

As the door opened a young man with a calloused expression about the mouth, entered.

"Excuse me," he said; "I represent the great *Cyclone*, the only modern and exclusive journal of the city. Pardon me for interrupting, but it is important. It is said on the street to-night that owing to bad speculation your house is going to make an assignment to—"

"It's an infamous lie!" stormed the great merchant; "and you get out of here pretty d—d quick! I don't want any of your nosing and poking around here! Get out, I say, and don't you ever bring your modern journalism about here again, or heaven'll miss the chance of getting you for an angel!"

The door closed and the great merchant came back to earth with new ideas of enterprise.



FAMILIAR WITH THE LATEST EVOLUTIONS.

"They say the Turkish war-ships are hopelessly old-fashioned."

"Possibly; but the officers seem to be up to date. I see that they succeeded in running three ships aground."

MACDONALD.—Hoot, mon!

MCDONNELL.—Oi'll not! D'yez take me for a dommed owl?



Dyspepsia and Indigestion.....

THESE are times when the brain draws so upon our vitality that we cannot digest our food, we can get no strength from what we eat. If we let this go on, we sow the seeds of weakness which will blossom in disease.

Read this letter about

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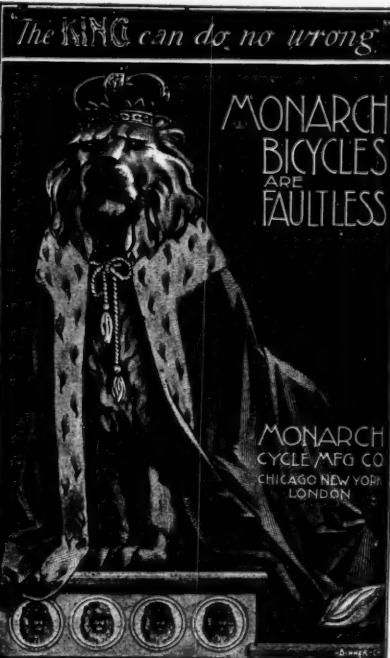


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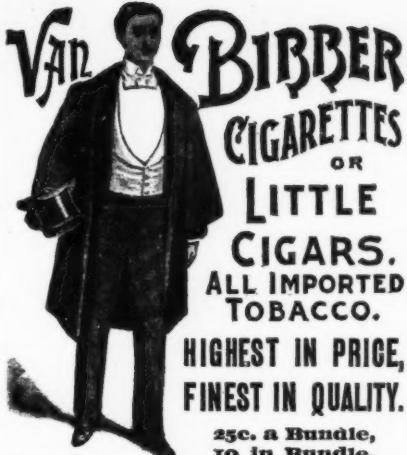

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